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## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

GOSSIP ABOUT PARIS CONCLUDED.

**APHOROS of citadines.** We spoke of having one in attendance at the Salpêtrière. A citadine—to speak in the language of science—is a variety of that numerous and fast multiplying species of vehicles which already includes the cab, the brougham, the noddie, the fly, and I cannot tell how many others, all properly coming under the well-known genus—coach. The citadine, which takes its name from the company of proprietors, is a small chaise on four wheels, drawn by one horse, and affording accommodation for three sitters inside. The street citadines and similar vehicles of Paris are remarkably neat in appearance: no shabbiness, no fractured glass, greasy linings, drunken drivers, or starved over-driven cattle. The charge for riding in hack vehicles is moderate—varying from about a franc to a franc and a-half—and is made upon a simple plan. It is never regulated by distance, but by the *course* (ride) or by time. You may, if you choose, be driven from one end of Paris to the other for the same price you will pay for going into the next street, provided, however, you do not stop by the way, for each stoppage is counted a *course*. To a person, therefore, desirous of making calls, this would be a most expensive method of coach-hiring; and, to obviate it, you have the option of engaging the vehicle by the hour; in which case you can stop as often as you please, without incurring further expense. On either terms you please, the cab, the citadine, or the two-horse coach, will drive at an easy pace all over Paris, and when set down, there is exceedingly little chance of imposition. This is a comfort. A London cab-driver—and not more he than the whole race of hackney-coachmen—has little mercy in his exactions. He is in a state of war with all mankind. His fare is the enemy whom he has got into his clutches, and while driving him along, he is no doubt calculating in his own mind for how much he shall let him off this time, the amount of ransom being prodigiously qualified by the consideration whether the enemy possess sufficient skill and courage to make resistance. I suppose it will be of no more use telling how the Parisian street coachmen are kept within legitimate bounds, than was my account two years ago, of the plan pursued for the same object in Frankfurt, yet I may as well mention it, for a hint, if there be any good about it, is sometimes not altogether lost. The hackney carriages of Paris are under the special regulation of a department of police, and at each stand there is a bureau of direction—a kind of sentry-box, containing its local official. Within each vehicle is nailed up a printed ticket containing the number of the carriage and a tariff of charges; and when you enter, the driver delivers a small card, on which is imprinted a number corresponding with that nailed up within, and also a short sentence recommending you to preserve the card in case of having to lodge a complaint. By this simple machinery, the driver is checked in any latent design of laying his victim under illegal contribution; and should the slightest fault be found, a complaint made at the bureau, by letter or otherwise, produces immediate redress; no long roundabout process of summoning, as is customary for “pulling up” cabmen in this country. The citadine and other drivers in Paris are, from these or other causes, a sober and orderly body of men; and, dressed in a kind of livery, with glazed hat, red waistcoat, and blue jacket, they may be said, on the whole, to cut a respectable figure.

While on this subject, a word may be added on the leading variety of a different species—the street omnibus, if only for the purpose of seeing how nicely such concerns are managed in Paris. The omnibus is a French invention, the first having been used at Nantes, as I may have occasion to notice when we get to that point of our journey. Introduced into Paris a number of years ago, they are now on a very complete footing, and, like the hackney vehicles, are under the government of the police. They are all the property of companies, each company having so many vehicles with its name inscribed on them—as, for example, Hironnelles, Dames-Reunies, Parisiennes, &c. A company's vehicles are confined to certain routes, and are in correspondence with each other at certain points. The fare, regulated by tariff, is threepence each person for all distances, and at the points of meeting you will be transferred to another vehicle proceeding in the direction you require to go, without additional charge; the transfer, however, being only to vehicles in correspondence with it. Residents, who know the correspondences of the respective companies, are enabled to go to any part of Paris or its environs for no more than thirty centimes, or threepence. According to the judicious regulations of the police, no more than one company's vehicles are allowed to go in one line of route, and consequently there can be no jostling or confusion. Each may be said to have a monopoly of its own tract of street, but fixed to a tariff, obliged to keep a sufficiency of vehicles, not permitted to pause or loiter by the way, and compelled to be civil. I think, all things considered, the Parisian omnibus system is fully more satisfactory than that which prevails in London, though perhaps not altogether suitable to the genius of our institutions.

All this time the reader may be supposed to be riding with me towards the eastern faubourgs of Paris, across the Place Bastille, and along the narrow Rue de la Roquette leading to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Approaching the barriers near the entrance to the cemetery, our citadine stops in front of a gateway to a large structure, enclosed within a lofty wall. It is *la Prison des Jeunes Détenus*—the prison for young criminals; only, however, for males, a similar prison for females being situated in the faubourg St Denis. Besides these, there are various prisons in Paris, chiefly for short confinements; one being placed immediately opposite the prison for young détenus in the Roquette, and allotted to the reception of prisoners condemned to forced labour or to death. Among the whole, that which I was most desirous of seeing, on account of its discipline, was the establishment for juvenile offenders. Like England, France is at present experimenting on the best means of reclaiming criminals, old and young, and, like it also, seems to hesitate between two widely-different modes of operation—the *solitary system*, in which each person works and communes with himself in his own cell, and the *silent system*, in which all eat, work, and take exercise together in masses or gangs, but under a strict watch, and the obligation to maintain no intercourse with each other by either words or signs. The establishment I was now about to visit is one of the chief prisons of France on the solitary system—a collection of five hundred cells, each containing its boy, the unhappy victim of early neglect, ignorance, and transgression—sad bird to chirp in such a cage.

Presenting our card of admission at the bureau, we enter this huge penfold of children. The building in its external aspect and interior arrangements reminds one of Millbank penitentiary, but on a smaller scale, and having the advantage of standing on an eminence

instead of being sunk in a swamp. In form it is a hexagonal pile several storeys in height, with turrets at the inner angles, from each of which a range of building converges to a circular tower in the centre. A wheel with six spokes, laid on the ground, will give a fair idea of its shape. In the intervals between the converging piles are airing courts, each provided with a pump for the use of the inmates, and a few trees whose green leaves help to relieve the cold formality of the enclosure. We were first conducted to the central tower—isolated like a keep from all the other buildings, and from which it is approached only by iron bridges. On the ground-floor is the kitchen, a spacious apartment, provided with a respectable cooking apparatus. One of the two cooks in attendance introduced himself to us as an Englishman born in France, his father having been a prisoner of war, and, in virtue of this claim of kindred nationality, explained the mechanics of the department intrusted to his charge. From the kitchen we ascended to the floor above, which is general parlour—an apartment in sections, so contrived that a person in the centre can see and address the prisoners in each section without any prisoner being able to see another. At the time of our visit, a clergyman was addressing several lads, each confined to his own division. Above this floor is the chapel, requiring no particular notice. Retreating from the central tower, and crossing a bridge, we enter one of the radiating piles in the main structure; pursuing our way thence from floor to floor, we find the whole to be on a uniform plan. A corridor, or long passage, runs along each floor, giving entrance to the cells on its sides. Each corridor is lettered, and under the charge of a warden, and each cell is numbered. From the top to the bottom of the house all the cells are of the same dimensions, each being seven and a-half feet square by eight and a-half feet high, and lighted by a window looking into an interior court. In the door is an aperture by which the wardens can at all times inspect the interior of the cell; and by the same channel of communication the inmate can draw attention to his wants by projecting a slip of wood to the outside. The cells possess no such accommodations as are observable in Pentonville prison, yet all are cleanly and airy. Although, however, there be nothing to shock the senses, the feelings of the visitor cannot fail to be distressed with the spectacle which each of these little vaulted chambers presents. The attendant official unlocks and throws open the door of a cell, and to our view exposes a living and breathing thing, a boy of probably fourteen years of age, dressed in a coarse gray suit, with closely-cut hair, and a pair of wooden sabots on his feet. Sitting at a table in front of the barred window, he casts round a furtive glance at the noise of our approach, and immediately, with downcast looks, continues his employment. We advance and examine his work. He is at some light occupation suited to his years—buckle or cabinet-making, carving or painting; or perhaps he is making shoes.\* Questions being permitted, we inquire his name, age, and what brought him here. The answer might almost be anticipated—careless and poor parents, no education, wandered about the streets, bad associates, stole something, punished, stole something again, condemned to be confined here for three years—just the old story I had heard years ago at Parkhurst; and you may hear it sung in every prison from Norfolk Island to Newgate. There was no absolute refusal to answer our inquiries; but the impression made on my mind by nearly all the prisoners we ad-

\* The making of lucifer match-boxes is at present a great trade in the Parisian prisons.



dressed was, that they would have preferred saying nothing. There was a general sulkiness of manner. The merry spirit of youth was crushed by the dreadful solitude of their situation; for although they are permitted at certain hours to go in bands into the court-yard, the most of their time, day and night, is spent in their cells. When evening sets in, they unroll their hammock, and betake themselves to repose. When morning dawns, they rise, and the solitary labour of a new day begins. I will allow that they are spoken kindly to by chaplain and teachers, still the fact remains, that they spend their time in a state of isolation. As if a relief from the terrors of their situation, they work diligently at their assigned tasks, and thus acquire a knowledge of trades which must prove useful in after life. I was surprised at the skill and taste of some of them in painting on slips of glass for magic lanterns, and such articles; and in a number of the cells we observed small pictures on the walls, and generally a crucifix placed ornamentally at the head of the couch.

On departing from the prison, I felt that the system of solitary confinement for youth, which I had been witnessing, was alike cruel and unjustifiable, and must prove in every respect pernicious. I was afterwards informed that it is not unusual for pious persons to select a boy-prisoner, to whom they act as patron and guardian on his dismissal, getting him employment, and watching over his behaviour till he has formed a character for integrity—nay, even acting as his friend through life, countenancing him at his marriage, affording him advice and encouragement in all the difficulties which beset his onward path. This practice, springing from religious motive, and pursued in a spirit of benevolence, is surely a fine answer to those who, sinning in their ignorance, or with judgments warped by sectarianism, habitually disparage France, and speak of her people as unblest with the light which shineth from above. It is a practice, at least, which must considerably modify the evil consequences of an imprisonment spent in a state of isolation from domestic influences, and save many an unhousewifed wretch from the commission of new outrages against the law. In our own country, as is well known, an improved prison-discipline is found to be comparatively valueless from the want of assistance or encouragement on leaving jail. Hence the many relapses into crime, which are as frequently a matter of necessity as of choice.

But enough of this dismal subject for the present. In the course of my subsequent excursion, I had an opportunity of visiting other penal establishments, and not till the reader has heard of them need I say anything conclusive on the advances which the French have made in this department of their social economy. In the intervals of time spent in Paris procuring official orders for seeing certain institutions in the provinces, I took occasion to visit a few places of interest which had formerly escaped my attention. One was the Bibliothèque Royal, or Royal Library, but which properly should be termed a great national library, at the service of the public. This collection of books, which can only be compared to that at the British Museum, is contained in a most extensive building, situated in a central part of Paris, once the hotel of Cardinal Mazarin, and afterwards partly used for Law's famous, or rather infamous, bank. Entering by a gateway from the Place Richelieu, and crossing an interior court, we ascend a wide staircase, and are first shown the public gallery, in which at a long table sit in silence, with books and writing materials before them, as many as a hundred readers—litterateurs or searchers in quest of materials for works on which they may be engaged. Among these redacteurs I observed many ladies engaged in transcribing; for here, as in the libraries of the British Museum, no distinction is made as to sex. Behind this large assembly of writers were librarians ready to search for and bring any book required, the demand being made in writing, and without a word being spoken. From this we proceeded to other rooms and saloons, seeing the more remarkable objects of the collection, which altogether, I was informed, consists of nearly a million of volumes. It also, at the public expense, annually receives an addition of about 15,000 volumes and pamphlets, besides considerable accessions of engravings.

The sight of this great library, with its array of redacteurs, is exceedingly impressive, and serves materially to raise one's ideas of the literary character of France. But the truth is, we in England do not ordinarily do greater justice to French literature than the French do to the English. Each nation seems ignorant of the resources of its neighbour in this respect—a circumstance doubtless arising principally from difference in language, but partly also from indifference on both sides. It may startle the complacency of the English to mention, that at present the French press is much more prolific than their own. The number of new books issued in London annually is about 1500; and I see, by a notice of Galligani, that during the first six months of the year 1841, there were printed in Paris 3152 works in various languages, 675 engravings and lithographic plates, 87 maps and plans, and 253 pieces of music. Nor are these books all of a trashy nature. A large proportion are upon philosophical or otherwise abstract subjects; some evidencing profound scholar-

ship, while the mass are of an entertaining and instructive tendency. Lately great progress has been made in embellishing works of fancy with engravings on metal and wood; and in this branch the French greatly excel the English publishers, except in the single matter of fine line engraved plates. In the mechanical part of these embellishments, I am disposed to think the English are generally in advance of their neighbours, but in drawing and design they fall lamentably behind. The reason for this superiority is very simple. In France the highest order of artistic talent does not disdain to stoop to the production of humble works—wood-cuts, for example—hence the most beautiful and effective engravings are often found in books of a cheap and popular character.

In quest of information on this subject, I visited the printing and publishing establishment of Messrs Didot and Company. Here machines are employed for printing, similar to those invented and used in London, but, to my surprise, driven by manual labour instead of steam, and consequently at an unnecessarily great expense. Nearly eighty persons are employed on the premises, but on my expressing surprise at the smallness of the number, I was told that the proprietors possess an establishment in the country, at which three hundred individuals are engaged in the manufacture of paper and ink, and in printing, for which steam power is largely employed. Only at this country establishment do the company prepare their standard works, the town-office being exclusively for books and pamphlets of an unimportant or temporary character. At other publishing establishments which I visited, I learned that Paris is the literary mart of a large portion of Europe, not only for French but English books, and that this trade is extending in proportion as English is becoming more widely known. "You think you have ruined us by the new copyright act," said a publisher of English reprints to me one day, "but we care nothing at all for it: England never took more than a few straggling copies of our books. Our great trade is with Russia, Germany, Egypt, Greece, and other countries, including France, and there our cheap editions of English works almost entirely exclude the editions of London publishers." This acknowledgment coincides with what I have noticed in various continental countries, where London editions of English works, in consequence of their dearth, are seldom if ever seen; all are cheap Parisian or Brussels editions. I know of no way by which this trade could be diverted into its legitimate channel but by a general reduction of prices to a level with those of Paris, and that, I fear, could not well be accomplished as long as the material of which books are manufactured—paper—is subject to a heavy fiscal duty. While this duty remains, England must be content to see France, Belgium, and America, taking upon themselves the agreeable task of supplying pretty nearly the whole civilised world with its literature.\*

Not only in the exemption of literature from taxation, but in everything which can promote the taste and refinement of the people, the paternal care of the French government is conspicuous. Considerably less free than the Englishman, the Frenchman—I speak here of the Parisian—has much more done for him as a perceptive and imaginative being. What though his means be limited, nay, though his purse be absolutely empty, a perpetual feast to the eyes awaits him out of doors. Museums and picture galleries constantly invite his attention; gardens of a beautiful kind, with their arbours, are ever open for his repose, and wherever he walks he finds architectural objects worthy of his admiration. The interiors of some of the finest palaces in Europe are also open, on proper occasions, for his inspection, without price; and with such a succession of agreeable indulgences presented for his acceptance, the French operative cannot avoid feeling a rational degree of pride in the nation of which he is so evidently recognised as a member. But whether he feel so or not, is of inferior consequence. The aims of an enlightened policy are attained by cultivating his imaginative sentiments, and lifting him out of the mire of merely sensual indulgence, or of gross and torpid indifference. Besides the innumerable places of refined attraction in Paris, there are others at a short distance from town, the resort on holiday occasions of every order of visitors. Versailles, with its far-spreading gardens, forest walks, and fountains, and its galleries of historical paintings: the church of St Denis, the Westminster Abbey of France, now restored by the munificence of Louis Philippe to its former condition—a gem of Gothic architecture, dating as far back as the reign of St Louis (1250), with coloured embellishments of the Saracenic style of art, and which, with the finely sculptured tombs in the crypts beneath, is shown without the formality of a tariff: St Cloud, with its royal park, is likewise a favourite resort on fête days, and in its immediate neighbourhood is the royal

manufactory of Sevres, where, in halls thrown open to the public, are exhibited the richest specimens of porcelain—articles such as cups, dishes, and vases, on which the highest order of pictorial delineation has been lavished—dessert services valued at six thousand, and trays, painted after the Italian masters, at ten thousand francs.

All these things, then, are provided or kept up at the royal or national expense, as means of improving taste, and disposing the mind to elevating pursuits. Let us not, in our pride of heart, challenge these objects of refinement, and point to the superior enjoyments of the beer or dram shop, which our country so considerably provides for the poor man's moments of relaxation from toil. A disposition to encourage the fine arts, with a view to public advantage, has long distinguished the French sovereigns, and if regal extravagance be at all excusable, it certainly is with reference to objects on which future generations can look with some degree of pleasure. Comparisons are no doubt ungracious, but it is not out of place to ask, where are any such royal establishments in England as those of Sevres and the Gobelins?—two institutions of which France has reason to be justly proud. Let me say a few words respecting the Gobelins, to which, on the day assigned for public admission, we willingly paid a visit.

The Gobelins is an institution conducted at the expense of the crown for the manufacture of pictures in wool and silk of a large size, for hanging on the walls of palaces. The method of preparing and dying the threads for this purpose, and of working them into a species of web, is of considerable antiquity. The manufactory at Paris takes its name from two brothers named Gilles and Jean Gobelin, who, in the reign of the illustrious François Premier, came to France from Venice to introduce the art of dying scarlet in an improved manner. In this they were successful, and their descendants sold the art and the whole establishment connected with it, including a tapestry manufactory, to government in the reign of Louis XIV. Thus exalted, the process of making tapestry became, in the hands of eminent artists, almost a rival of painting. Skilful workmen were brought from the Netherlands, and were set to work in copying the cartoons of Raphael and the works of Jules Romain. Le Brun being appointed director, was requested to paint pictures also to be copied on the tapestries, and amongst the earliest subjects executed were a series of tableaux representing the chief historical events of the reign of Louis XIV. In this undertaking Le Brun was assisted by Vandermeulen. From this period the manufactory continued to flourish and increase in dimensions, almost always encouraged by royalty, till royalty itself stood in need of assistance. The troubles consequent on the revolution of 1789 broke up the school of design, and the establishment was dismembered, though not altogether ruined. A few years later, along with public tranquillity, the institution was re-organised, improvements were introduced into the mode of manufacture, and a moderate prosperity attended it till 1830, when the patronage of Louis Philippe gave it a renewed and happy impetus.

With these explanations we enter the extensive structure in which the various works are carried on. The street outside is crowded with citadines and coaches bringing company to the exhibition, and men and women of all ranks are entering like a stream at one door, while a similar stream is issuing from another. Mingling with the mass, we pass through an anteroom to the first large apartment in the suite. At a glance we have the Gobelins before us—a range of webs, each a row of open threads, suspended from tall frames to beams beneath. Behind each web sits the artist-operator or weaver, busy with his nimble fingers interlacing coloured yarns with the upright threads, in conformity with the desired pattern placed behind him on the wall. This pattern, we perceive, is an elegant picture, drawn and coloured to the life, and the object of the operator is to present precisely the same scene and figures in their most minute parts and in perfect harmony of tint. Referring occasionally to his model, the workman selects one small broach of yarn after another from the variety before him, and weaves it rapidly among the threads, so as to bring all ends and cuttings to the side on which he sits, and to produce the picture on that next the spectator in front. In this delicate operation there is a constant change of broaches, a large needle being also employed to press down the intermingled yarns, for the tones of colour require many combinations, and to effect these with precision, is a process demanding much taste and skill. Unless they were actually seen, one could form no adequate conception of the fidelity and beauty of these woven pictures, which may be said to rival frescos in design and execution, with the advantage of being executed on movable and pliant materials. Quickly as they appear to be formed, a single piece sometimes requires the labour of years, and is poorly rewarded by a payment of from eighteen to twenty thousand francs.

From the first apartment we proceeded through various others in which similar works were in operation, and finally into a room in which tissues were making of coloured worsted, on the principle of the Turkish carpet, with a soft pile on the right side of the material. It is needless to descant on the extreme

\* Besides losing the trade in its own books—certainly a hard case for both writers and publishers—England is also beginning to lose its foreign trade in paper, the French cutting us out of that likewise. This is greatly owing to the comparative inferiority of English writing papers, a circumstance by no means arising from defective skill or machinery, but from the infusion of inferior rags into their composition, and inferior materials for sizing. The abolition of all fiscal duties, by throwing the manufactory open to general enterprise, would be the only remedy for this deterioration and consequent loss of traffic.



beauty and great size of some of these carpets, nor need I say anything of their value, for they are not allowed to be sold; we can only obtain an idea of their magnificence from the fact, that some cost as much as one hundred and fifty thousand francs in manufacturing. Passing from the work-room departments, in which, along with the dye-houses, as many as a hundred and twenty men are employed, we arrive at a large hall devoted to the exhibition of Gobelin tapestries completed and ready for use; and here, from the entire pieces, we may pass judgment at our leisure on the product of the establishment. The greater number of the pieces are scenes and figures from French history, with several representing Louis Philippe and members of his family, all being designed, I believe, as presents to be made by the king, or as decorations for the royal palaces. On taking the last lingering glance at these beautiful productions, we felt that it might be many a day before we looked upon their like again.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

##### EFFECTS OF CLIMATE, &c., ON HUMAN BEINGS.

HUMAN beings are liable to be very much affected in their form, stature, features, and complexion, by the circumstances in which they live; and the resulting peculiarities become hereditary in families and nations.

We see partial proofs of this in the differences everywhere observable between the leisurely and the laborious classes. Take "the lady," who lives almost constantly within doors, employed at the utmost in netting or needlework, and contrast her slim and delicate frame with the coarse robust figure of the fishwoman or female field-labourer, who works hard in the open air all day, and it is impossible to doubt that physical conditions have made them respectively what they are. A similar contrast is observable between the powerful frames of a set of male rustics, such as we find in almost any of the provinces of Britain, and the diminutive forms of the inhabitants of London. The cause is obvious. Constant muscular exercise in the open air, accompanied by nutrition, sufficient in quantity and healthful in kind, develops the bone and muscle of the one order of persons to a powerful degree, while the want of muscular exercise, and a life spent mostly within doors, act in the other with an opposite effect, notwithstanding the advantage of perhaps a superior diet. Even the native differences as to softness and elegance between the sexes may be reversed by the operation of these causes. The women of Normandy, who labour constantly in the fields, are become much more masculine in form than the *petit maitres* of Paris; and we could, in our own country, point out many men who, from parlour life, are infinitely more feminine in stature and the texture of the flesh than many rustic women. It generally requires a series of generations to bring out these results in their fullest extent; but even in the life of a single individual the effect may often be traced. Thus we often see, amongst the rustic population, females who are comparatively elegant in form and of delicate complexion in their early years, but who become coarse after a brief experience of outdoor labour.

When, in addition to hard labour and exposure to the elements, there is an absolute deficiency of food and comfort, human beings become in the course of a few generations much degraded in form and aspect. An interesting remark, which bears upon this subject, has been made respecting the natives of some parts of Ireland. "On the plantation of Ulster, and afterwards on the success of the British against the rebels of 1641 and 1689, great multitudes of the native Irish were driven from Armagh and the south of Down into the mountainous tract extending from the barony of Fews eastward to the sea; on the other side of the kingdom the same race were expelled into Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo. Here they have been almost ever since, exposed to the worst effects of hunger and ignorance, the two great brutalisers of the human race." The descendants of these exiles are now distinguished physically from their kindred in Meath and in other districts where they are not in a state of physical degradation. They are remarkable for "open projecting mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums: their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bear barbarism on their very front." In Sligo and northern Mayo the consequences of two centuries of degradation and hardship exhibit themselves in the whole physical condition of the people, "affecting not only the features but the frame, and giving such an example of human degradation from known causes as almost compensates by its value to future ages for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson." "Five feet two inches upon an average, bow-legged, abortively-featured; their clothing a wisp of rags, &c., these spectres of a people that once were well-grown, able-bodied, and comely, stalk abroad into the daylight of civilisation, the annual apparitions of Irish ugliness and Irish want." "In other parts

of the island, where the people have never undergone the same influences of physical degradation, it is well known that the same race furnishes the most perfect specimens of human beauty and vigour, both mental and bodily."

These facts correspond with others which have been ascertained respecting savage nations living with an inadequate and irregular supply of the necessities of life. None of these are more remarkable than the natives of Van Diemen's Land and Australia, whose food is well known to have been of the most scanty and miserable kind. The faces of these people were marked by an unusual projection of the jaws and size of the mouth, and their limbs were long, lean, and often bent. So also in the *Paschernis* of Terra del Fuego, a half-starved tribe, who are probably of the same race with the huge Patagonians, Forster observed that the thighs are thin and lean, and the legs bent and badly formed. Slender, lean, and elongated limbs, are conspicuous features of most ill-fed nations, and the Europeans, who stand at the head of the human race in so many moral respects, are also distinguished by the superior straightness and strength of their lower extremities. It was remarked, so long ago as the time of Buffon, how far the form of the human body is affected by food. "Coarse, unwholesome, and ill-prepared food," says he, "makes the human species degenerate. All those people who live miserably are ugly and ill-made. Even in France the country people are not so beautiful as those who live in towns; and I have often remarked, that in those villages where the people are richer and better fed than in others, the men are likewise more handsome, and have better countenances."

It is very obvious that the heat of the sun has an effect in darkening the complexions of human beings. A child, however fair in skin, if allowed to romp in the open air without any shade over the head, will become what is called sun-burnt or dusky in a few months. There is reason to believe that this peculiarity becomes at length hereditary, which accounts for the national darkness of the Spaniards and Italians as compared with the people of central Europe. This point is, however, somewhat obscure. On the other hand, there are some curious proofs of a certain degree of intercommunion between the white and black races of men. In some particular states of the constitution, the skin of whites becomes, either wholly or in part, black. Dr Strach records the case of a man who was converted by a fever into a perfect negro. On the other hand, it is well known that the black loses part of his original tint in a state of civilisation. It is remarked, in the United States of America, that while negroes kept at field-labour retain their pristine colour, those who are domesticated as servants become paler at the second and subsequent generations, and also lose the African features and other peculiarities. There are also instances of negroes losing their original colour in whole or in part, under the influence of disease or some other constitutional affection. Blumenbach describes a young negro, servant to the person who kept the animals in Exeter Change, London, who became white in the middle of his body, and also in the region about the knees, without apparently ill health having any concern in producing these appearances. There is also an account of a negro female cook in London who became partially white.

The researches of Dr Pritchard have dispersed many of the ideas formerly entertained with respect to the persistency of the particular features of black and white races. The deep black tint, broad flat nose, projecting mouth, and woolly hair, are now found to be general only among the Africans inhabiting the hottest districts of that continent, and who have long remained in barbarism. There are throughout Africa several nations, unquestionably negro originally, who have acquired handsome forms and faces, as well as a lighter tint, in consequence of their living in mountainous regions approaching to the temperate climate. Such are the Kafirs of Southern Africa, a fine graceful muscular race, who practise arts, have governments, live in towns, and acknowledge a Supreme Being. Such too are the Mandingoes, occupying an elevated region in Senegambia, who likewise have governments and industrious arts: they are black, inclining to yellow, but have regular features. In character they are generous and open, and their manners are gentle. Their neighbours, the Jolofs, are even superior; in figure they are a noble race, although their skins are of a deep black. What is more remarkable, "the skull of the Kosah Kafirs, though still retaining something of the African character, deviates very considerably from that type, and approaches the form of the European skull," particularly in the expansion of the front part. "Travellers," accordingly, "in South Africa, have been struck by the proofs of vigour and acuteness of understanding displayed by the Amarah, Amakosah, Bechuanas, and other Kafir nations."† There are also undoubted negro nations towards the north of Africa who display a considerable superiority in personal aspect and power of intellect to the great bulk of that race. It seems nearly undoubted that the ancient Ethiopians were a negro people, or a people of negro origin, improved by a temperate

climate and other physical circumstances; and modern travellers bear ample witness to the greatness of the monuments which they have left, testifying the advance they had made in civilisation. There is even reason to believe that the people of ancient Egypt were of similar origin. The evidence is clear that a large proportion of them had black skins, while others were of a lighter tint, the latter being probably of the superior class, paled a little, as usual, by an in-door life. Putting this last remarkable instance entirely out of view, we cannot for a moment doubt that the negro organisation is capable of very considerable improvement, including that kind which implies an advance in moral and intellectual qualities. At this moment, in the little colony of Liberia, formed by free blacks from the United States upon the western coast of Africa, we have, if recent accounts can be trusted, a community as purely moral and as remarkable for prudent and skilful management as any perhaps in the world. The history of the missionaries among the Hottentots speaks to the same purpose. Those sent from Holland in 1792, who founded the establishment at Gnadenhal, were told that they never would be able even to fix the attention of this primitive people. On the contrary, their instructions in school, and their discourses on Christianity, were eagerly taken advantage of. Multitudes flocked from a distance to live at the settlement for the benefit of the ministrations of the missionaries. It consequently became a populous and thriving town. The Dutch boers at first opposed the mission, thinking that the Hottentots might become reluctant to serve them; but they soon came to see that the people who had become Christianised under the instruction of the missionaries were far more useful and trustworthy servants than the sensual and degraded pagans whom they had previously been obliged to employ. They were astonished to find the natives under this system become quite a different people. "Perhaps nothing in this account is more remarkable than the fact, that so strong a sensation was produced throughout the whole Hottentot nation, and even among the neighbouring tribes of different people, by the improved and happy condition of the Christian Hottentots, as to excite a general desire for similar advantages. Whole families of Hottentots, and even of Bushmen [a degraded and impoverished branch of the same people], set out for the borders of Caffraria, and performed journeys of many weeks in order to settle in Gnadenhal. It is a singular fact in the history of barbarous races of men, that the savage Bushmen, of their own accord, solicited from the colonial government, when negotiations were opened with them with the view of putting an end to a long and bloody contest, that teachers might be sent amongst them, such as those at Gnadenhal."

Instances of white people who have become black in consequence of migrating into tropical latitudes, are more rare and not so distinctly made out. Yet detachments of the Arabian family migrated twelve hundred years ago into northern Africa, where they have founded states of some importance, and it is said that, in some instances, they have passed into a perfectly black complexion, although improved in form and stature, and notwithstanding that they reside to the north of the negro countries. It has also been stated that there are many Jews in Kongo, whose external appearance has assimilated to that of the native inhabitants. In one instance, a degradation, resembling that instanced among the Irish people, has taken place: it is in the oasis of Fezzan. "The general appearance of the men is plain, and their complexion black; the women are of the same colour, and ugly in the extreme. Neither sex is remarkable for figure, height, strength, vigour, or activity. They have a very peculiar cast of countenance, which distinguishes them from other blacks; their cheek-bones are higher and more prominent, their faces flatter, and their noses less depressed, and more pointed at the top than those of other negroes. Their eyes are generally small, and their mouths of an immense width, but their teeth are generally good; their hair is woolly, though not completely frizzled." They are a dull phlegmatic people. Here we have, with black skins, negro faces, and woolly hair, a people descended from the white tribes of Arabia, and who still speak in the language of that country.

It may also be remarked, that in Hindostan and in the central regions of America, there are almost all the shades of colour in various portions of nations evidently one in origin, the variations bearing a general reference to the situations in which the people are respectively placed. For instance, the inhabitants of high grounds in Central America are pale compared with those of the low districts. Here we cannot doubt that climate has operated either in clearing the dusky or rendering dusky the white.

It is a remarkable circumstance attending the black people in Africa, in India, and in Central America, that amongst them albinos are frequently born, that is, persons of a pure dead white, with white hair and red eyes. This is thought to be a diseased condition; but, besides these, there are instances by no means infrequent of true whites being born amongst the black races. This fact was long doubted; but it seems to be now set at rest. White children, or *Dondoes*, are frequently born from black parents in all parts of Africa. Many of them are of what we would call the

\* Dublin University Magazine, vol. iv, p. 608. The passages quoted are in the arrangement under which they have been transferred to the last edition of Pritchard's *Researches into the Physical History of Man*.

† Pritchard's *Researches*, third edition, ii. 346.

\* Pritchard, i. 181.



fair complexion; some have even red hair. Among the Funge, a race of Shilukh negroes, who some hundred years ago conquered and settled in Sennar, they are particularly numerous, inasmuch as to have formed a separate cast, distinguished by the name of El Aknean (the Red People). Dr Winterbottom describes a man born of negro parents, who was of mulatto complexion, and much freckled, with strong red hair disposed in small wiry curls over his whole head. Marograf saw in the Brasile an African woman whose skin and hair were red. Dr Winterbottom mentions a family at Frestown in Sierra Leone, the children of which had red or copper-coloured skins, and woolly hair of a dirty red or singed colour. From the testimony of an eye-witness he describes two white negroes, natives of the Mandingo country. In both of these the iris was of a light-blue colour, and the eyes very weak, the hair woolly and white: the skin was rough, and had red patches here and there, an effect often seen in white people when exposed to a tropical sun. A white negro girl, born in Jamaica, was shown in London in 1761: she had a fair complexion, with ruddy lips and cheeks, brownish-gray eyes, and light-yellow hair of woolly texture. There are many other descriptions of such persons; but it would be tedious to enumerate them. Let us only advert to one in which the interesting fact was ascertained, that the same mother had had two children so characterised. It also appears that there is a tendency to a hereditary transmission of this peculiarity. Dr Parsons relates in the Philosophical Transactions the case of a white negro girl, a native of Virginia, who was brought to London early in the last century to be shown to the Royal Society. When she was born, the mother, for obvious reasons, expressed the greatest alarm for the anger of her husband, and requested that her room might be darkened, so that he might not at first become aware of her child being white, though she expected that he would by and by learn the fact and then desert her. Her surprise was great when he seemed rather pleased on discovering the colour of the infant, which, however, he explained by telling her that he only recognised in it a peculiarity of his own family; "for," said he, "my own father was a white man, though my grandfather and grandmother were both as black as you and myself; and although we came from a place where no white people were ever seen, yet there was always a white child in every family that was related to us." Many similar cases are on record, fully proving that the rise of the white races of men out of the black is within the range of possibility, as indeed it seems only necessary that white negroes should marry amongst themselves, in order to raise such a variety under our own observation.

#### A SETTLER IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.\*

THE story of a settler in Van Diemen's Land, given in a recent number, strikingly illustrates the fact that even when a man starts with every necessary ingredient of success, he cannot attain it without constant privation and untiring labour of body and mind. The example set by William Thornley it is our intention to notice, for the purpose of showing what qualities are essential in a successful emigrant. The first is undoubtedly energy, for it is required at the outset. Thornley, for instance, when he found his business flagging and his capital decreasing in England, did not idly sit down and "hope for better times," but determined to emigrate. This determination once formed, he lost no time. He bought the necessary tools, including the implements of a blacksmith's forge, and spent no money unnecessarily for the support of his family, but was on board ship at the earliest possible moment. Arrived in Hobart Town, he was equally energetic and economical both of time and money. He got there on the 3d February 1817, and before the month was out, he had chosen his land (having walked for seventeen days to do it), and conveyed his wife and family to it, though it was fifty miles up the country. Even when untiring energy has brought the emigrant to this point—the summit of his temporary wishes—great draughts are drawn upon what moral courage he may happen to possess. It is a desperate effort to sever the ties of friendship and family affection, with the almost certainty of the separation being for ever; but a father and husband must have great fortitude to bear up against such thoughts as these. "I felt melancholy," says Thornley, when the journey was over, and he sat on a fallen tree, surveying his new situation. "Thoughts crowded thick upon me. I had undertaken a vast task to establish a home in the wilderness. The first stage of my enterprise I had accomplished through toil, and labour, and difficulty, and danger, but I had accomplished it. The first object was gained. I had reached the land of promise. I had taken possession of my land, and a noble domain it was. But what were the risks and difficulties that remained! I felt fearful at the work before me. No help near in case of danger, no medical assistance, no neighbour. I looked at my wife and children lying listlessly on the dry and parched grass; I looked around me, and tried to penetrate into the obscurity of the future, and guess the end. Worn out with thought, and weary with travel, I insensibly

gave way to the feeling of lassitude which possessed us all. \* \* I had everything to do; mine was really a beginning. The soil around me had not been disturbed by civilised man since its creation. The vast wilderness seemed to have received us into its ample bosom, and to have closed around us, shutting us out from all communication with humanity. We formed but a little speck on the vast space of the uninhabited country. I endeavoured to picture to myself the future farms that might arise around us, and the coming of neighbours to cheer and strengthen us. But the reality was too present and too strong to admit of the consolations of the imagination. I felt committed to an act of doubt and difficulty. I revolved my past life in England, and wondered how any state of misfortune could have been urgent enough to induce me to embark in so fearful an undertaking as that of a settler's life in the wilderness. But the very peril of my position served at last to nerve me up to the encounter. I felt the deep responsibility of my position as the father of a young family, and the husband of an affectionate wife, who, by my act, had been conveyed from home, from relations, and from early friends, to brave the risks and adventures of a settler's life." But labour overcometh all difficulties, and the settler's feelings must give way before personal exertion, which is requisite to assist in clearing the land of trees, and providing materials of a house to shelter him.

An emigrant should be made easily content. His greatest disappointments arise from not duly considering beforehand the probable difficulties he will have to overcome, and the privations he will have to endure. His notions are too often of a sanguine complexion, and when he finds the truth so widely disagreeing with them, things naturally appear worse than they are. Our friend Thornley, on the contrary, seems to have possessed cheerfulness and content in proportion to the difficulties he had to overcome. We need hardly mention capital as another essential for a free settler; but there is another, which is not so often thought of, and that is an affectionate and common-sense wife. Thornley was extremely well off in this respect.

Besides setting a good example, Thornley furnishes some useful facts to those who may be wishing to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land. A friend in England having written to him for information, he returns much sound advice on the matter, and first concerning the choice of a colony.

"A great point in selecting a part of the world for emigration is the climate; and for those who can afford the cost, I am decidedly of opinion that, in this respect, Australia is incomparably superior to the United States or the Canadas. The Canadas have a prodigious advantage in locality over those remote countries, inasmuch as they are much nearer home; but, for my own part, I look on climate as so essential a point, that I think it more than counterbalances the comparative propinquity of the Canadas to the mother-country. The climate of all parts of Australia, so far as experience has tested it, is healthy; but I think the climate of Van Diemen's Land superior to all the other territories of Australia, if you except, perhaps, New Zealand. You will observe by the map that Van Diemen's Land lies to the south of the large continental island of New South Wales, and consequently the climate is of a lower temperature, more congenial to an English constitution. It is very variable, and the mornings and evenings, for eight months of the year—I mean the early mornings, from four o'clock till eight—are cold enough to make a fire agreeable; but the variability of the climate does not make it unhealthy; and in the middle of summer, although it is hot, I have never hesitated to do any out-door work the same as in England. As to illness, I really may say it is scarcely known in the colony. For seven years that I have been here, not one member of my family has had a day's illness. I don't know whether it is imagination or reality, but I fancy that the air of this country is singularly pure and exhilarating; this state of the atmosphere may be caused by its insular position, and from its being exposed to the gales and regular sea-breezes from the south, which, from the small size of the island, are able to sweep over it from end to end, and to clear it constantly from all atmospheric impurities."

With respect to the soil of Van Diemen's Land, the settler makes the following observations:—"A critical examiner of the soil would pronounce the land in this colony to be, generally, far from first-rate; and a very great deal of it very poor land indeed. But whatever may be the quality of the soil, everything that you put in it grows well. It is a truth, that all crops—wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, all sorts of vegetables, and all sorts of garden trees and fruits—are so positively sure of succeeding in this country, that most of the agricultural and horticultural anxieties, vexations, and disappointments, and, it may be added, losses, so heart-breaking to a farmer or gardener in England, are here unknown. I cannot exactly vouch for the fact, that if you stick a crowbar into the ground overnight it will sprout out into tenpenny nails the next morning; but really, without exaggeration, vegetation in this country is most extraordinary. Whatever is put in the soil of Van Diemen's Land will grow almost without distinction of seasons; for if you put your seed or your sprig in at the wrong time, if it can't grow as it ought, it will make a desperate try at it. When I first came here,

I asked the proper season for sowing wheat, and I was told April; I remember I put some in, as an experiment, in the middle of November; by the middle of January it was in full ear; and though the soil in which it was put had never been ploughed before, and then only once in a rough manner, and the grass was growing all the time on the huge soda between which the seed was cast, it produced more than fifteen bushels an acre; the following year it produced forty bushels; so great is the fertility of this virgin soil, and so genial to growth is the climate. As to the garden, you may grow almost what you please in it, and how you please. Our raspberries are the finest I ever saw, and as to currants and gooseberries, particularly the currants, they revel in their luxuriance. We take no great pains in our transplanting and grafting. Stick in your cutting, and it is sure to grow. I have not done anything yet in the way of grapes; we have not the patience to wait for the slow growth of the vine; we are spoiled by the quick growth of our fruits and flowers; but I see no reason why the vine should not succeed here, particularly the more hardy sorts. But of all the things that grow, the most astonishing, certainly, are our pumpkins and vegetable marrows. It is hardly too much to say that you may see them grow, but we don't care much for them."

The exports of the settlers are thus touched upon:—"I ought to mention that we export a good deal of wheat to Sydney. From some cause or other, that part of Australia is subject to drought, and the wheat grown there is not so good as that grown in Van Diemen's Land; at least the dealers and millers prefer our wheat, and will give a higher price for it than for the Sydney-grown wheat. I think that the port of Sydney may always be depended on as a sure market for a large quantity of Van Diemen's Land wheat. I may say also that, from the greater warmth of the climate of Sydney, they cannot grow good potatoes, and they are always glad to buy ours. While I am on this part of the subject, I may add that we have a good market for hams in Calcutta, at no great distance; and I need not tell a practical farmer like yourself that the grain and vegetable produce of a farm may often be profitably turned into another substance in the shape of hams and bacon."

As to the price of wheat, the average since I have been here has been about eight shillings a bushel; the present price, while I write, is seven shillings: it has been ten shillings within a year or two; but the price varies, as in the old country, according to the time of the year. Six shillings a bushel will pay, and if you can afford to keep your wheat for a year or two, the chances are in your favour that you will get from eight to ten. Barley varies from five to six shillings a bushel; oats a little higher.\* But, for my own part, I don't think a tillage farm the best pursuit to engage in if you have capital enough to buy stock. Sheep and cattle increase of themselves with little trouble and with little expense, and as the land they graze over costs nothing to bring into pasture, the profits are proportionally great. I grow as much wheat as I want for my own use, and I sell the rest to those round about, to new settlers and others who do not grow wheat, or not enough for their own consumption. But cattle and sheep are the best things to invest your money in; both very profitable, but I think sheep the best of the two, because they are the easiest to manage, and their wool is sure to be a valuable and saleable commodity, in the event of the increase of the flocks and herds on the island causing meat to be too cheap to make it worth while to breed them for the carcass."

The main dependence of the Australasian farmer is the breeding of sheep; and on this subject the author gives his friend more full information and useful advice than is to be met with elsewhere. Concerning the statistics of the colony, we learn that in "1821 a careful census was taken of the statistics of the colony, which I find in my journal to stand thus: Number of inhabitants, 7185; acres in cultivation, 14,940; sheep, 170,000; cattle, 35,000; horses, 350. In 1817 there was not a single pound of wool exported from the colony; in ten years after, in 1827, 192,075 pounds were exported; and in 1838, 1,942,000 pounds were exported, selling at 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per pound. Until 1824, there was no attempt at the establishment of a bank; now there are not less than six banks which may be considered as firmly established, with a paid-up capital of about £200,000. In twelve years the exports have been increased from £14,000 to £420,000 per annum. Churches have been built and ministers appointed in most of the populous districts of the island. There is a greater security for life and property all over the country. The natives have long since been removed, in 1830, to an island in Bass's Straits, and they are now known in the colony only by tradition. Bush-rangering, from the spread of free inhabitants, is now seldom attempted; and sheep-stealing never occurs in the wholesale way in which it was carried on, as many remember, some years ago."

Such is the kind of information with which the book

\* Tales of the Colonies, or the Adventures of an Emigrant. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Okey. 1823.

\* We observe by a Hobart Town newspaper of June 9, 1843, that wheat was then selling at below 5s. per bushel, and that barley and oats were each 3s. 6d. There was, in short, a glut of native produce, and little money wherewith to make purchases, for the imports were considerably greater than the exports, and the colony was consequently drained of cash to pay for the overplus.—Ed. C. E. J.



before us abounds, and it is only matter of regret that a country, so bounteously provided for by nature, should, like too many of our colonies, have been brought to the brink of ruin by a course of mismanagement, accompanied with not a little of that headlong pursuit of wealth which proves so frequent a stumblingblock in the way of emigrant settlers. As Van Diemen's Land, however, possesses the elements of substantial comfort in no ordinary degree, we willingly coincide in the opinion of Mr Thornley, that any one may there be successful as a settler, provided he possess industry, frugality, and perseverance. And where, it may be echoed, can anything be accomplished without these preliminary requisites?

#### THE LATE MRS CHALENOR'S POEMS.\*

THESE have now appeared in an elegant and small volume, the fitting casket for the refined sentiments of the lamented authoress, of whom the following is stated in the preface:—"Mary Chalenor is alike deaf to the approval or condemnation which these humble efforts of her muse may obtain; for, since the appearance of the first edition of Walter Gray in the spring of last year, death has snatched her from a scene of great domestic affliction and intense physical suffering. Deprived of an affectionate husband at that period of life when provision for the future had scarcely commenced, surrounded by a family of young children, and following an occupation productive of little else than toil and hardship—no wonder that illness should be consequent on such a catalogue of anxieties, and that the bodily frame should at length yield to their pressure. The principal object, therefore, in publishing these poems, is to benefit the three orphans which this amiable but unfortunate lady has left in a situation strongly suggestive of sympathy; and it is believed that the appeal in their behalf, so made, will not be unattended with success." We add our hope that this pious wish may be realised, and not alone for the sake of Mrs Chalenor's children, but because we think her productions may prove of value in that important and much required office—the cultivation of the domestic affections. As the simple and spontaneous effusions of a mind apparently filled with feelings which render the fireside happy, and untinctured with affectation or verbiage, they may with benefit be received into the "happy homes of England," and offered as a gift to the youthful of both sexes.

We subjoin the following specimen of this pretty little volume. It is entitled "What is Love?"

"What is love?—Go ask the child  
Whose buoyant step runs free and wild;  
What makes its little heart rejoice  
Whenever it hears its mother's voice?

What is love?—The maiden seek  
Who wears a blush upon her cheek,  
And ask that gentle maiden why  
It deeper glows when one is by?

What is love?—The wife will tell,  
Though pain and sickness near her dwell;  
All can she bear, and bless her lot,  
If one fond heart deserts her not.

What is love?—The mother ask,  
Who labours e'er her daily task;  
And, if her infant does but sigh,  
Will watch at night with wakeful eye.

Unknown within the heart it springs,  
And closely binds, and fondly clings;  
It softens nature—turneth strife—  
The tie to home—the charm of life."

The following address to "My Russet Gown" will also be read with pleasure.

"My russet gown is dear to me,  
Though years have passed away  
Since my young heart beat joyously  
Beneath its folds of gray:  
No jewels hung around my neck,  
Or glittered in my hair;  
With lightsome heart I tripped along,  
My spirit knew no care.

The roses near my windows crept,  
And shed their sweets around;  
Hard was the bed on which I slept,  
But yet my sleep was sound.

My russet gown I laid aside  
For one of rich brocade,  
I thought, in my simplicity,  
Its charm could never fade.  
I left the cot where I had passed  
My happy childhood's years;  
I left my aged father sad,  
My mother was in tears;  
I left them for a wealthy home,  
To be a rich man's bride,  
And thought that splendour would atone  
For loss of all beside.

My russet gown, when next I gazed  
Upon its sombre hue,  
It brought a lesson to my heart  
As sad as it was true:  
Its simple neatness seemed to mock  
My silks and jewels gay,  
And how my wandering thoughts to those  
Dear friends so far away;  
I felt how fleeting were the joys  
That wealth alone can buy,  
And for that humble cottage home  
My bosom heaved a sigh.

\* Walter Gray, a Ballad, and other Poems, by Mary Chalenor. Second edition, including her Poetical Remains. London: 1843. For the convenience of those who happen to possess "Walter Gray" already, the "Poetical Remains" are published separately.

My russet gown I still have kept,  
To check my growing pride—  
A true though silent monitor  
My folly to deride;  
And when I meet with faithless friends  
Among the giddy throng,  
Whom vice and pleasure in their train  
Drag heedlessly along,  
I feel how gladly I would give  
My coach and bed of down,  
Once more in sweet content to live,  
And wear my russet gown."

#### MAIL-POSTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

POSTING—that is to say, the conveyance of individuals and epistles from one stage to another—has been carried to a point much nearer perfection in Great Britain than in any other civilised country. Speed, certainty, and secrecy, have for nearly a century been the characteristics of the English post-office; and now that the penny postage is established, cheapness is added to those excellences. That the advantage of the modern system of conveyance may be fully appreciated, it is only necessary to contrast it with that which existed in former times.

Those who imagine that the invention of posts is of modern date, are much deceived; for it is more ancient than any of the social and political expedients that have been handed down and carried on from remote antiquity to the present day. When history emerges from tradition, and assumes an authentic form, we find it mentions posts as having been in regular operation. Job compares the transitoriness of life to the swiftness of a post; and in Jeremiah we find the regular establishment of stages or posts\* described with precision—"One post shall run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the king of Babylon that his city is taken." This passage implies a regular chain of couriers (indeed the Hebrew word which is rendered "post" signifies a runner or courier), who had fixed upon rendezvous for the purpose of "meeting" and passing the news on from stage to stage. In Persia, a complete system of posting was established as far back as the reign of Cyrus, about five hundred years before the Christian era. Having considered what journey a horse was capable of performing in the course of a day, the Persian king ordered stables to be prepared at the proper distances from each other, and stationed horses in each of them, with persons to take care of them and have them in readiness. He placed also a person at each of these stations, who might receive the letters brought to them and hand them over to others, taking due care of the tired men and horses, and providing others fresh and prepared for going forward. In this manner the conveyance was to be carried on successively by night as well as by day—an arrangement so complete, that Xenophon thus speaks of it in his *Cyropædia*: "Some say the progress was more rapid than the flight of cranes. If this be an over-statement, it is, however, certain that no journey by a human being made on land was ever so expeditious." The Persian post was so well established, that it continued to flourish when Herodotus wrote, which was a hundred years later, during the reign of Xerxes. "A man and horse were," he says, "posted at the regular intervals of a day's journey, to deliver the letters to each other in succession, till they reached the place of their destination." From one relay to the other the journey was to be performed in the time prescribed, whatever might be the state of the weather or the obstacles of the way; and the historian remarks, that nothing mortal was ever known to proceed with greater celerity. The post-houses were handsome structures, and between the Ægean Sea and Susa, the capital of Persia, there were one hundred and eleven of them, each a day's journey apart. There was a post-master in each, who, if we may credit Plutarch, was a person of some consequence, Darius Codomanus having been one of them.

These posts were, however, strictly government concerns, for the transmission of instructions and despatches. When private individuals made use of them, they did so at the risk of the contents of their letters being divulged to the government through the couriers. Hence epistolary correspondence could only be intrusted to servants, hired messengers, or travelling friends, and was always carried on with great chances of miscarriage from the treachery or negligence of the irresponsible bearers, and from the disordered state of ancient manners. History teems with instances of private hands and special messengers betraying their employers; it also furnishes instances of the curious expedients which were resorted to for the secret transmission of written information from one person to another. Artabazus, a Persian general, when laying siege to Potidea (afterwards called Cassandria), in Macedonia, was informed that the besieged general was anxious to turn traitor and deliver up the city by stratagem. It was, however, a matter of the greatest difficulty and danger to the two generals to interchange intelligence—the citizens being staunch and incorruptible—and the following expedient was adopted:—A letter was written on a scroll, and wound round an arrow, which was shot from a bow so as to reach a certain place agreed upon; and an answer was sent back by the same method. On one occasion, however, Artabazus missed the mark, and the

arrow, instead of falling where it was intended, struck the shoulder of one of the citizens. The people, gathering round him, and taking up the arrow, on which they found the letter, carried it to the proper authorities, and thus the plot was discovered. Histæus, the tyrant of Miletus, hit upon a much more subtle expedient. Wishing to convey secret intelligence from Susa to his friend Aristagoras, at Miletus, he shaved the head of a servant, on whose fidelity he could rely, and wrote, upon his skull, a letter containing his secret. After this was done, the hair was suffered to grow again, and as soon as this had taken place, the man was sent to Miletus, where he safely arrived, and delivered his message to Aristagoras, who was to cause his head to be again shorn, and to read what was inscribed upon it.

The Persian plan of posts was adopted at an early date, and has been carried on since throughout the whole of the eastern world. The Mogul emperors brought it to great perfection, having established a system of communication between the most distant provinces of their vast empire. Sir Alexander Burnes met with the ruins of some of these posts. "On our way," he says, "we could distinguish that the road had been once made, and also the remains of the post-houses which had been constructed every five or six miles by the Mogul emperors, to keep up a communication between Delhi and Cabool. They may even be traced across the mountains of Balch." The couriers of Hindostan are a faithful and courageous race of postmen. When obliged, as they frequently are, to cross a river, they deposit their letters in their turban, and thus preserve them from wet, swimming across to the opposite shore. One of these men having failed to make his appearance at the appointed time, messengers were despatched to search for him. On the banks of a river which flowed across their route lay the dead body of an alligator, with its jaws distended, as if it had suffered a violent death. They proceeded to examine it more closely, and discovered the head of the unfortunate courier completely choking up the passage of the throat, so that the animal had died from strangulation; the letter was found uninjured in the turban. The Chinese continue a similar system, the government couriers holding a very respectable rank in society.

Concerning the first introduction of posts into the western world, history is silent; but the evidences of extensive commerce and frequent correspondence furnished by the remains of ancient Greece, convince us that some regular system of transmission must have been established and conducted; yet nothing respecting its details can be learnt. The Spartans had a curious and ingenious method of conveying secrets from one to another by means of the "scytale." This consisted of two rollers of wood made with the utmost exactness, of the same length and thickness. Every general was furnished with one of these on taking the field; its duplicate remaining with the government. When a secret despatch was to be sent, a leather strap was wound neatly round the cylinder so as to cover it completely. The orders were then written upon the leather, across the surface formed by the evenly-wound strap. The leather was then unwound, which of course threw the words and letters inscribed upon it into illegible confusion; but, on reaching the general, it was re-wound upon the duplicate cylinder in his possession, and all the letters were again brought into their proper places, so as to be easily deciphered.

The Romans continued long without any official arrangement for the conveyance of letters, and even Cicero—the most copious of ancient epistolarians—complains of the want of a post-service. Letters in his time were committed to private conveyance, or to a slave called *tabellarius*. Augustus Caesar was the first to remedy this inconvenience, by placing young men at moderate distances upon all the high roads, to facilitate communication to and from the most distant provinces of the Roman empire. These were soon replaced by chariots and horses, and the successors of Augustus improved the establishment so effectually, that the "posts of the Cæsars" are amongst the celebrated things of antiquity. The empire was taxed to maintain it; and at first, as no regular relays of horses formed part of the institution, the messengers seized any horses they could find, and thus those who possessed them had to bear an additional and irregular tax. Trajan, however, altered this, and provided horses especially for the public service. At each post ten horses and as many postillions were kept, and the usual rate of travelling was from five to eight stations per day.

The modern history of posts is obscure. Some ascribe their introduction into France to the time of Charlemagne, but an ordinance, dated 19th June 1464, puts it beyond doubt that Louis XI. was their originator. This suspicious prince desired to facilitate communication with various parts of his kingdom; less with the enlightened view of benefiting his subjects than for the purpose of obtaining speedy information of their plots and treasons, and his posts were for the exclusive use of the court. A regular post-office was established in 1619; many years later than one had been begun in Germany by a private individual, Count de Faxis. In 1616 the Emperor Matthias created the office of post-master-general, which was to remain a hereditary fief in the count's family.

\* The word *post* is derived from the Latin *positus*, stationed or placed.

\* Travels in Belchana.



In England, Charles I. first placed the post service upon a business-like footing in 1635; it having previously existed in a loose and badly managed condition; and his arrangements may be properly regarded as the origin of the British post-office. A post was established from London to Edinburgh, another to Holyhead, and a third to Plymouth and Exeter. The journey from London to the termination of each of these lines, and back, was appointed to be performed in six days—a regulation which we cannot believe was ever complied with in the London and Edinburgh route in those days of bad roads and sorry hacks. Besides, relays of horses were not provided; one man and horse accomplishing the whole ride, and taking the necessary rests by the way. This system, with the addition, on some stages, of mail-carts, was continued up to the middle of the last century; by which time a communication was established between the principal places in Great Britain and Ireland. The rate at which letters were conveyed may be termed a rate of slowness rather than of speed; it averaged no more than three miles and a-half an hour. The Bath mail, for instance, did not arrive from London till the second evening after its departure; whilst the delivery of letters was irregular, and the mode of conveyance insecure; robberies of the mail having been a common occurrence. What rendered these defects the more striking, was the fact that ordinary stage-coaches were in full work, which conveyed their passengers at double the rate of speed. This state of things necessarily limited private correspondence to occasions of the most urgent necessity, and we have been assured by an old gentleman of Edinburgh, that he remembers one arrival of the London mail which consisted, on that day, of a single letter! Reform was, when the evil became so glaring, loudly called for; and in the year 1784, a new plan was entered upon. Mr Palmer, a theatrical manager, laid a plan of post-office reform before Mr Pitt, then at the head of affairs, and it was eventually adopted, after much opposition from the post-office functionaries. It simply consisted of transmitting the mails by four-horse coaches, as passengers and small parcels were already conveyed. This expedient, when fairly tried, was found to answer so well that the post-office revenue rapidly increased. For twenty years before these changes had been effected, the average revenue per annum was only £150,000; ten years after the alteration, it rose to £400,000; and, twenty years later, to £700,000; having more than quadrupled in thirty years.\*

We now come to the mail-coach system of Great Britain, as begun by Palmer, and now nearly ended by the railroads. The conveyance of letters upon each line of road is contracted for by different coach-masters; the letters being always in charge of a government servant or guard. The contractor is bound by certain restrictions as to time; by which means punctuality is insured to the public in the transmission of their letters; and the short time which is allowed and taken for journeys, shows that mail-coaching has been brought to a degree of perfection which it seems hardly within the bounds of possibility to exceed. When Palmer's plan was first adopted, the time allowed for the 400 miles between London and Edinburgh was seventy hours; whilst, just before the rise of railroads, the mail went over the same ground daily in forty hours, with such regularity "that," said Nimrod,† "we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey." Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and by far the greater part of it is performed at night. This is mentioned not as an extraordinary instance; for mail-coach travelling was, at the end of the anti-railroad period in 1836, nearly as quick all over the country. By a parliamentary return for that year, we find that the average speed of mail-coaches was in England 8½ miles per hour, and in Scotland and Ireland 8½ miles. The gross distance travelled over in Great Britain at this rate, during the same year, was 6,233,478 miles.

To insure continued punctuality at this speed, the best management and the best horses are of course employed. These are hired by contract, at so much per mile. The number of horses required for a four-horse mail for each journey generally coincides with the number of miles—for every mile a horse—each team taking the mail its allotted stage up and down. It would appear, at first sight, from the rate at which the animals are obliged to run, that cruelty is exercised; but the reverse appears to be true. Their proprietors, says Nimrod—whose authority on the subject is undoubted—"have at length found out—though they were a long time before they did discover it—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man. For example, if ever we turn

coach proprietors, or 'get into harness,' as the proper term is, we shall keep ten horses for every ten miles' stage we engage to cover. In this case eight horses only will be at work, four up and four down. If the stage be under seven miles, nine horses may do the work; but no horse in a fast coach can continue to run every day, the excitement of high keep and profuse sweating producing disease. In practice, perhaps, no animal toiling for man, solely for his profit, leads so easy and so comfortable a life as the English coach-horse. He is sumptuously fed, kindly treated, and if he do suffer a little in his work, he has twenty-three hours in the twenty-four of luxurious ease. He is now almost a stranger to the lash, nor do we ever see him with a broken skin; but we often see him kick up his heels when taken from his coach, after having performed his stage of ten miles in five minutes under the hour. So much for *condition*. No horse lives so high as a coach-horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn; he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways; first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work, for there is none more severe whilst it lasts; and, secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage." The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years. "Our present mail-coach work," continues Nimrod, writing in 1832, "reflects the highest credit on the state of our roads and everything connected with them. It will be borne in mind that, with one or two exceptions, they all begin their journey at night, and those which perform very long distances have two nights to one day; yet see the wonderful regularity with which they arrive, and the few bad accidents they meet with! But, indeed, all our night travelling in England is deserving of high praise for the expedition and regularity with which it is conducted; and we have reason to believe fewer accidents happen to night coaches than to such as run by day. This, however, may be accounted for. Barring fogs, it matters not how dark a night is, as our lamps supply the light of the sun." Now, however, coach-horses are fast disappearing from the road altogether; admirably as they do their work, railroads do it better. At present, letters are sent twice a-day by coach and rail from London to Edinburgh in twenty-eight hours each journey. This presents a strong contrast to mail-coach affairs of the olden time. Up to 1763, the mail only travelled three times a-week, and was allowed eighty-five hours to go, and one hundred and thirty-one to return; yet the contrast will, in all probability, become stronger in 1846, when the railroad will be completed along the whole line, and the time for transmitting a letter from the English to the Scottish capital will be nearly half what it is even at present, or sixteen hours.

#### CAPTURE OF AN ALLIGATOR.

[From Sullivan's American Journal of Science and Arts.]

In the course of the year 1831, the proprietor of Halahala, at Manila, in the island of Luconia, informed me that he frequently lost horses and cows on a remote part of his plantation, and that the natives assured him they were taken by an enormous alligator, who frequented one of the streams which run into the lake. Their descriptions were so highly wrought, that they were attributed to the fondness for exaggeration to which the inhabitants of that country are peculiarly addicted, and very little credit was given to their repeated relations.

All doubts as to the existence of the animal were at last dispelled by the destruction of an Indian, who attempted to ford the river on horseback, although entreated to desist by his companions, who crossed at a shallow place higher up. He reached the centre of the stream, and was laughing at the others for their prudence, when the alligator came upon him. His teeth encountered the saddle, which he tore from the horse, while the rider tumbled on the other side into the water, and made for the shore. The horse, too terrified to move, stood trembling when the attack was made. The alligator, disregarding him, pursued the man, who safely reached the bank, which he could easily have ascended, but, rendered foolhardy by his escape, he placed himself behind a tree which had fallen partly into the water, and drawing his heavy knife, leaned over the tree, and on the approach of his enemy, struck him on the nose. The animal repeated his assault, and the Indian his blows, until the former, exasperated at the resistance, rushed on the man, and seizing him by the middle of the body, which was at once enclosed and crushed in his capacious jaws, swam into the lake. His friends hastened to the rescue; but the alligator slowly left the shore, while the poor wretch, writhing and shrieking in his agony, with his knife uplifted in his clasped hands, seemed, as the others expressed it, "held out as a man would carry a torch." His sufferings were not long continued, for the monster sank to the bottom, and soon after resurfacing alone on the surface, and calmly basking in the sun, gave to the horror-stricken spectators the fullest confirmation of the death and burial of their comrade.

A short time after this event, I made a visit to Halahala, and expressing a strong desire to capture or destroy the alligator, my host readily offered his assistance. The animal had been seen a few days before, with his head and one of his fore-feet resting on the bank, and his eyes following the motion of some cows which were grazing near. Our informant likened his appearance to that of a cat watching a mouse, and in the attitude to spring upon his prey, when it should come within his reach.

I would here mention, as a curious fact, that the domestic buffalo, which is almost continually in the water, and, in the heats of mid-day, remains for hours with only

his nose above the surface, is never molested by the alligator. All other animals become his victims when they incautiously approach him, and their knowledge of the danger most usually prompts them to resort to shallow places to quench their thirst.

Hearing that the alligator had killed a horse, we proceeded to the place, about five miles from the house. It was a tranquil spot, and one of singular beauty, even in that land. The stream, which, a few hundred feet from the lake, narrowed to a brook, with its green banks fringed with the graceful bamboo, and the alternate glory of glade and forest, spreading far and wide, seemed fitted for other purposes than the familiar haunt of so destructive a creature. A few cane-huts were situated a short distance from the river, and we procured from them what men they contained, who were ready to assist in freeing themselves from their dangerous neighbour. The terror which he had inspired, especially since the death of their companion, had hitherto prevented them from making an effort to get rid of him, but they gladly availed themselves of our preparations, and, with the usual dependence of their character, were willing to do whatever example should dictate to them. Having reason to believe that the alligator was in the river, we commenced operations by sinking nets, upright, across its mouth, three deep, at intervals of several feet. The nets, which were of great strength, and intended for the capture of the wild buffalo, were fastened to trees on the banks, making a complete fence to the communication with the lake.

My companion and myself placed ourselves with our guns on either side of the stream, while the Indians, with long bamboos, felt for the animal. For some time he refused to be disturbed, and we began to fear that he was not within our limits, when a spiral motion of the water, under the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it, and the creature slowly moved on the bottom towards the nets, which he no sooner touched than he quietly turned back and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the enclosure, he attempted to climb up the bank. On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog, and plunging into the water, crossed to the other side, where he was received with a similar salutation, discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks, but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets; and feeling that he was hunted, he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles which surrounded him.

A low spot, which separated the river from the lake a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him; and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever first came to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and foaming with rage, rushed with open jaws, and gnashing his teeth with a sound too ominous to be despised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralyzed, that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun. The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger, that it was necessary to drive them back with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength, and dared to have used it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have crushed or carried with him into the lake about the whole population of the place.

It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene. The tremendous brute, galled with wounds and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming water, glancing from side to side in the vain attempt to avoid his foes, then rapidly plunging up the stream, he grounded on the shallows, and turned back frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length, maddened with suffering, and desperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair, for it looked as though his way at last was clear to the wide lake. But the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs had got entangled in all. This gave us a chance of closer warfare with lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon at the commencement of the attack, and found it much more effectual than guns. Entering a canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed growing from him, which moved violently above, while his body was concealed below. His endeavours to extricate himself lashed the water into foam, mingled with blood; and there seemed no end to his vitality, or decrease to his resistance, till a lance struck him directly through the middle of the back, which an Indian, with a heavy piece of wood, hammered into him, as he could catch an opportunity. My companion on the other side now tried to haul him to the shore by the nets to which he had fastened himself, but had not sufficient assistance with him. As I had more force with me, we managed, with the aid of the women and children, to drag his head and part of his body on to the little beach, where the river joined the lake, and mercifully giving him the "coup de grace," left our savage enemy to gasp out the remnant of his life on the sand. I regret to say that the measurement of the length of this animal was imperfect. It was night when the struggle ended, and our examination of him was made by torch-light. I measured the circumference, as did also my companion, and it was over eleven feet immediately behind the fore-legs. It was thirteen feet at belly, which was distended by the immoderate meal made on the horse. As he was only partly out of the water, I stood with

\*The various annual sums received by government for conveying letters, from the time it took that office upon itself, is as follows:—In 1644 it was £2000; in 1652 it was farmed for £16,000; at the Restoration, in 1660, it had more than doubled, being then £31,500; in 1674 it reached £43,000; in 1685 it was estimated at £65,000; and in 1697 at £90,504. The average each, for the five years, from 1711 to 1715, was £90,293. And so on, progressively, to 1837, when the gross receipts of the post-office were £3,206,736. Thus, in one century, they increased twenty-fold, and in the following eighty-three years, upwards of four hundred and forty times.

†"The Turf, the Chase, and the Road."



a line at his head, giving the other end to an Indian, with directions to take it to the extremity of the tail. The length so measured was twenty-two feet, but at the time, I doubted the good faith of my assistant, from the reluctance he manifested to enter the water, and the fears he expressed that the mate of the alligator might be in the vicinity. From the diameter of the animal, and the representations of those who examined him afterwards, we believed the length to have been about thirty feet. As we intended to preserve the entire skeleton with the skin, we were less particular than we otherwise should have been. On opening him, we found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, which he had swallowed whole, besides a large quantity of stones, some of them of several pounds weight.

The night, which had become very dark and stormy, prevented us from being minute in our investigation; and leaving directions to preserve the bones and skin, we took the head with us and returned home. This precaution was induced by the anxiety of the natives to secure the teeth; and I afterwards found that they attribute to them miraculous powers in the cure or prevention of diseases.

The head weighed near three hundred pounds; and so well was it covered with flesh and muscle, that we found balls quite flattened, which had been discharged into the mouth, and at the back of the head, at only the distance of a few feet, and yet the bones had not a single mark to show that they had been touched.

At the time of our expedition against the alligator, the periodical visitation of locusts, which occurs about once in seven years, was devastating parts of the island; and, on the following day, the place where I resided was doomed to share in the distress. We were flattering ourselves that the scourge would not come near us, when the dark clouds were seen far over the lake approaching noiselessly, save in the rushing of wings, and soon the sun was hid, and night seemed coming before her time. Mile upon mile in length moved the dark broad column of this insect army; and the cultivator looked and was silent, for the calamity was too overwhelming for words. The sugar-cane, the principal crop of that country, gave promise of unusual productiveness when the destroyer alighted. In a moment, nothing was seen over the extended surface but a black mass of animated matter, heaving like a sea over the hopes of the planter. And when it arose to renew its flight in search of food for the hungry millions who had had no share in the feast, it left behind desolation and ruin. Not a green thing stood where it had been; and the very earth looked as though no redeeming fertility was left to it. Human exertions availed nothing against this enemy; wherever he came he swept like a consuming fire, and the ground appeared scorched by his presence. Branches of trees were broken by the accumulated weight of countless numbers, and the cattle fled in dismay before the rolling waves of this living ocean. The rewards of government, and the devices of the husbandman for his own protection, were useless. Myriads of these insects were taken and heaped together, till the air for miles was polluted, without apparent diminution of their numbers.

The typhoon was the irresistible agent which at last terminated their ravages, and drove them before it far into the Pacific. This remedy prostrated what the locust had left, but still it was prayed for as a mercy, and received with thanksgiving.

Of the Philippine Islands, Luconia is the one best known; but the world of nature there is yet unexplored, and the few men of science who have been permitted to carry their researches into the interior, have either been too easily satisfied with the wonders they encountered at the outset, or have not been spared to give the result of their labours.

#### LIFE AMONG THE SCOTTISH HILLS.

[From the *Dumfries Courier*.]

Those who dwell in cities, during their occasional excursions to the country, become more or less familiar with the operations of the arable farmer. They know that he fattens sheep and cattle on seeds in summer, and turnips in winter; converts stubble into tilth; sows in spring and reaps in autumn; fills his barn-yard with graceful cones, and thrashes at rent time to meet his engagements by throwing a portion of his produce on the nearest market. But as the mountains are more inaccessible, so few comparatively know much of the peculiar husbandry that obtains over by far the greater portion of the superficies of Scotland, that a few words of explanation to the denizens of the plains may not be unacceptable.

There are four great seasons in moorland districts, the shearing, lambing, and clipping times, and, last of all, when the border fairs come round, the separation of the lambs from their dams. It is true the first of these operations is now dispensed with in the case of half-bred woolly stock, and a dip substituted, such as Wilson's, which, in destroying vermin, leaves the fleece intact in regard to colour and other qualities known to few better than the spinners of Hawick. In our own country, what is called a hirsell generally consists of about 600 sheep; and although an active herd might superintend a greater number of "woolly people," policy seems to dictate that, the more limited his charge, the greater the security against danger from the chapter of accidents. At lambing time more particularly, the most careful shepherd requires assistance in visiting every nook and cranny of his grounds, to succour the ewes when in a weakly condition, and their progeny when there is occasion to apprehend a deficiency of nutriment—a case not unfrequent when the weather is unfavourable.

The clipping is one of the merriest seasons notched annually in the pastoral calendar, whether in the Highlands or Lowlands of Scotland. First, the ewes are collected and carefully washed, either in some pool previously dammed up, or, what is far better, a clear running stream;

and this important end compassed, they are driven, not to an ordinary stall, but to the larger enclosed round or square planted near to the homestead, or shepherd's house, upon every farm. Rural sofas, by the dozen or score, formed of two thick turfs, placed the one above the other, furnish a commodious settle to a brawny shepherd, and there he sits in industrial glee, as sheep after sheep is placed at his feet to undergo the modus operandi of the muckle shears. Restless as the ewes may be, they are held firmly on the cutter's knee, and fleeced with great neatness in the course of a few minutes wherever the herd is master of his business. Stocks on the harvest rig can hardly be multiplied faster than goodly fleeces; and the bleaters stripped, it is pleasing to witness the depôts piled around, until carted away to the owner's store, to await, as Dandy Dimmont said, the arrival of the merchant, "when he begins to speer about the price of wool." Where the stocks are large, days are devoted to this department of pastoral industry; and as the job is allied more or less to working double tides, the rural sofa or settle-men not only expect, but are justly entitled to, needful refreshment.

But perhaps the separation and selling season is the busiest of all among the hills, whether the lambs are driven to the nearest public market, or disposed of privately. At one time this was not only a work of great labour, but tedious as difficult; but thanks to the erection of squares or rounds, skilfully planned, walled, and divided into compartments, with gates attached to each, the business of separation is now conducted with the greatest ease and despatch. On the morning of the day preceding the Lockerby-hill market, a hirsell is driven to such a rendezvous, or rather the whole ewes it contains, with their respective followers, carefully guarded in phalanx order by men and dogs, although here and there runaways appear, like the cowards who love to skulk behind the baggage trains on a field of battle. Arrived at headquarters, the bleaters are driven in a body into the outer enclosure, the roomiest of all the four compartments, and which reminded us somewhat of the banqueting-hall of an old baronial residence, such as may still be seen at Caerlaverock Castle. A middle compartment is then strewn with hay, and ewes and lambs from the outer round entered in convenient divisions, old sheep expelled to the open pastures, and the top lambs consigned to one gated fold, the mids to a second, and the pullets or smallest to a third. At this stage of the business there is a good deal of roughing in coping and throwing back ewes anxious to follow in the rear of their young; but still every care is taken compatible with expedition; and although we saw hundreds on hundreds of woolly nurslings separated, no accident of any kind occurred. Where the sale chances to be by private bargain, the buyer exercises the privilege of deciding as to what are top and second lambs, although it often enough happens that, when the rejected are overhauled a second time, he is coaxed to take a score or two of doubtfuls into the bargain. Altogether, the task of separation and classification is performed with astonishing celerity, now that the folding rounds and squares have been constructed and subdivided *secundum artem*. Careful drawing is one of the greatest secrets of the shepherd's trade; and whether publicly or privately, nothing recommends a lot more than pains-taking equality as to size and condition.

Lambs continue sucking to the last; and the ewes, after their followers have been transferred to the valleys, are conducted to the scene of separation, and carefully milked for a few days, as much in mercy for the bereaved beast, as for the gudewife's perquisite, ewe-milk cheese, by the only means in which that dainty is now obtainable.

During the first year of their progress, the young of the flocks are named hogs; the second, dimmonts or gimmers, according to sex; and afterwards ewes and widders. Most ewes are allowed to drop five lambs before they are sold; but the first purchaser often takes a sixth, previous to fattening the breeder for market. Occasionally a barren ewe forms a strong attachment to some neighbour's lamb, and by coaxing, wiles it away from the natural mother. The lamb then attempts to suck, and by repeated attrition between the lips and the paps, almost uniformly succeeds in obtaining milk. Twin lambs, after they are sold and taken to the low grounds to be fed on turnips, remain for months steadily together—another pleasing proof of the attachments originating in birth, that link in harmony the brute creation. On a mountain farm, each hirsell has its own walk, and although the different divisions are huddled together at clipping and selling time, they again classify themselves of their own accord, and return gradually to their former bent. As their powers of discrimination are very great, they know one another as readily as the shepherd distinguishes between faces apparently as similar as the leaves of the flower called *Gardeners' Garters*, and yet to a minute observer essentially different.

The interests of the herds are in the strictest sense identical with those of their employers. Out of a Cheviot stock they are allowed seventy sheep, a house and garden, a cow's grass, fifty stones of meal in the year, fuel in abundance, may cultivate potatoes and other vegetables to any reasonable extent, and rear in addition as many pigs, hens, ducks, and geese, as they please. We can recall a season in which the money earnings of a head shepherd were estimated by his master at £40; and even in the worst of times they are much better paid than arable farm-servants, and are very generally an intelligent, thinking, superior class of men. At the farm of Torbeckhill, the great-great-grandfather of the present principal herd tended the flocks on the same farm; and as he happens to have a family, the chances are that his descendants may remain fixtures on the said ilk for an equally lengthened period. One important distinction, however, may be modestly noted: the heirs of tenants of a former generation have now become *paisit* lairds. Shepherds provide their own dogs; and instances sometimes occur in which a favourite thoroughly trained animal brings L.3, L.4, and

L.5. But the herds endeavour to breed among themselves, and have in general a young dog in reserve when an old one is getting past its best. From the active life these animals lead, they are soon worn out. From two to five years is the best age for a colley; and though instances have occurred of a favourite doing duty at seven, they are very rare. Veterans, however, unable to climb alpine heights, are regularly pensioned, and well fed till their dying day.

Kindness is a virtue indigenous among the hills; and should complaint ever be heard on this score, it must be not of a stinted but of a superabundant hospitality.

#### TRAINING TEACHERS.

In a small volume, "The Philosophy of Training," by Mr A. R. Craig, of Barford Street Institution, Islington, just published, are the following well put observations on the necessity of having Normal Schools, addressed particularly to the higher classes:—

"There are four principal normal schools in the country, but these and all other model schools are designed as nurseries for teachers to the poorer classes of society only; no similar institution has yet arisen to train masters for the higher schools, and as tutors to the families of the rich. If teaching be an art, and a difficult one, and we suppose few will deny this, it must also be granted that, like every other art, it can only be acquired by practice. But where do our higher teachers and tutors acquire the practice of this art? At Oxford and Cambridge, forsooth? or any other inferior college or school throughout the country? Verily no, but at the expense of the moral and intellectual havoc of those juvenile minds upon which they first begin to operate and experiment. Of course, as any person of ordinary intelligence may teach himself an art, and acquire a greater or less degree of dexterity in it, according to his natural abilities and application, so may any one gain an aptitude for teaching, and the moral governance of children, without attending a normal school. But will he do this without first experimenting upon children, and without the children being mentally and morally the worse for such a process? We might as well expect that our friend the painter on his first attempt produced a correct picture, and never spoiled a sheet of paper in his life. The mind of a child, in this respect at any rate, is a 'tabula rasa,' and the blemishes first made upon it by the experimenting teacher are just about as indelible as the misapplied gamboge and vermilion in the material of the painter. We might, perhaps, rather say that it is a photogenic process, in which similar surfaces presented to the same object under different influences will carry off very different impressions of that object. The teacher, in the case supposed, is the prototype from whom the impression proceeds; but it depends altogether upon the nature of the medium through which that impression passes, whether a correct likeness or a caricature is formed, and, consequently, whether the receiving material be improved or damaged. Let no one think this is a wire-drawing of the matter. Few parents, even with all their anxiety, calculate aright the immense influence for good or for evil that a teacher exercises over his pupil. The child's mental and moral character insensibly assimilate to those of his preceptor. Insensibly, we say, for the mere power of imitation would impress upon the child a corresponding character to his tutor's, were no attempt made by a single precept to fashion that character. Whatever might be the model, so would be the copy, for such is the process of nature. But when a wrong-directed artificial course of preceptive discipline intervenes, the natural character of the tutor is veiled, and a similar artificial covering thrown around that of the pupil; so that, after all, the great and difficult art in the business of education is, simply to become *artless*, and to return to nature.

But it may be asked, And is this all for which such a noise is made about normal schools? We answer, simply this. And it is only those who approximate to this standard of simplicity that are in proportion qualified to be trusted with the education of any one, rich or poor. We hear of the poet of nature, the painter of nature, and the sculptor of nature, and these are epithets that entitle them to rank among the highest of the profession; and if it be difficult for them to descend to this simplicity, it is equally so for the teacher, and equally does he excel in his art who is able to do so. We say descend, for it is a descent, though it places the artist, or the teacher himself, on a high eminence above his competitors. And before any one asserts that it is an easy matter to be natural in teaching, let him reflect what is meant by the term. Let him think of the difference, in this respect, there is between the man and the boy. What a highly abstractive atmosphere, so to speak, the former lives continually amidst. An artificial character has in a manner become natural to him; and it is something unnatural to divest himself of it, and return to the concretions and substantialities of nature, but which he must do before he put himself on a level with the boy.

But for such a course of training, those who are to manage the education of noblemen and gentlemen's sons and daughters, no provision is made. If a scion of one of these families falls sick, the parent calls in the skilful and trained physician, whose reputation has been acquired by a long course of study and practice, having for their object the chemistries of nature in relation to the human frame. He does not employ the mere chemist, eminent though he be in simples and compounds, analyses and syntheses. But when he wants a tutor for the same son, he applies to Oxford or Cambridge, and inquires of the Regius Professor who last carried the highest honours of his college. This individual may be learned in Greek; "his mind may be filled with all the lore of antiquity, and with all the science of modern times; but he is not on that account one whit the better qualified for the task to which he has been selected. Nay more, the high eminence he has gained is only a collateral proof that he is less qualified. His own mind, amid the



complexities of mathematics and the subtleties of logic, must be drawn far away from the simplicity necessary to communicate elementary knowledge to young children, and the distance vast, indeed, between him and the unsophisticated hordling upon whom he has been chosen to experiment.

The same principle of which we have been speaking guides the selection of masters for all public schools of the better classes. On the whole, therefore, we do think that the rich are much in the rear of improvement in this respect, and that a vast field of usefulness presents itself, in the establishment of institutions for a systematic mode of qualifying those who are to be the instructors of their children."

### ESPARTERO.

THE following notices of Espartero, ex-Regent of Spain, occur in the Literary Gazette of October 7th:—"An article in the Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 63, states him to have been born in 1792, the son of a respectable artisan at Granatula, a village in La Mancha. At the age of sixteen, whilst being educated by his uncle, a monk, he girded on the sabre, and as one in the sacred levies, fought against the French invaders of his native land. He then studied in the military school of the Isla de Leon, and accompanied Morillo as a lieutenant in his expedition to the Spanish main, to re-establish the authority of the mother country. Here he fought in the numerous battles which ensued, and rose in rank, till sent home with colours taken in Peru, whither he was soon followed by the Ayacucho generals, his late companions in arms. From 1825 to 1830 was spent partly in Majorca, as colonel of the regiment of Soria; and he had previously married his duchess, a lady of great beauty, distinction, and wealth, near Lograno on the Ebro. Ultimately raised to the command of the Christina army, he restored discipline, often compromised his own private fortune to keep the troops paid, and successfully restrained the Carlists from Bilbao to Pampeluna. Between the Moderados and Exaltados he preserved a personal neutrality; and events at last exalted him to the eminent position of ruler or sole regent of Spain in the name of the young queen. The reviewer says, that the officers were, from the first, disinclined towards Espartero, but that the soldiers were attached to him. He also proclaims his morality, simplicity of life, patriotism, and perfect honesty, and the absence of every species of corruption from his court at Madrid; which has raised him high in the estimation of the well-informed and industrious citizens of the capital, and also in Saragossa, Cadix, and other similar communities; whilst the Catalonians were hostile in consequence of believing that he was favourable to English manufactures.

We (continues the editor of the Literary Gazette) have abridged this sketch from our contemporary, because we think we have it in our power to add some information to it, of interest to our readers and the public generally, at the moment when its subject is so much the topic of conversation in every circle, and of observation in every periodical. The bravery of Espartero, tried in a hundred fights, and his virtues, more sorely tried by the seductive eminence of fame and power to which he attained, as well as the particulars of his career, are fairly stated; and what we have to relate (we believe on undoubted authority) will serve to illustrate these previous remarks.

In New Spain, as is well known, the spirit of gaming is widely spread; and all ranks indulge in that excitement to a perilous degree. The Spanish officers partook of the common passion. On one occasion Espartero was so much the favourite of fortune, that, after a long sedentary, he rose the winner of 30,000 dollars from General Canterac. On retiring from the gaming-table, the latter, feeling the heavy extent of his imprudence, said, in a depressed manner to his companion, 'Espartero, I owe you 30,000 dollars!' 'No,' replied the other, laying his hand on his arm, 'in that room which we have left you owed me 30,000 dollars, but here, now, you owe me nothing!' The generosity evinced by this anecdote needs no comment.

When, by the votes of the Cortes, Espartero became regent, multitudes flocked towards him for places, crosses, pensions, provisions, and distinctions. Among others, a very near relative came from the country, of whom, after receiving a few visits from him, he inquired what had brought him to Madrid. With some hesitation he stated that he had come to look for a maintenance for himself and his family, now that things had changed so favourably for their prospects. 'How much will do for that purpose?' asked the regent. So much, he replied, fancying the office already conferred; but judge his surprise when his (we were going to say) brother addressed him, 'Return to your home, and whilst I live I will allow you that sum; but if you suppose that I, who have elevated myself so high from so low a station by warring against corruption, am going to saddle you on the country, you never in your life committed so gross a mistake. The only way for you to receive this allowance from my private purse is by quitting Madrid within twenty-four hours.'

Accused by his enemies, and some of them most ungrateful ones, of avarice or sordidness, it may be stated that the greater part of Espartero's allowance as regent has not been paid to him. His resources are the fortune brought him by his loved and affec-

tionate lady. Why he did not throw himself on Madrid, and the fervent attachment to him and his cause of its 12,000 national guards and other respectable citizens, we have no ground to know; but we think that what we have told sufficiently accounts for his wavering at Albacete, where his whole plans were deranged by unexpected treachery, and he was taught to feel that his dependence on imagined friends and supporters was most insecure and dangerous. The Spanish people, we believe, have been quite passive during the late revolution; and it is most probable that a reaction, founded on a just appreciation of his sound constitutional and commercial policy, will lead to his being invited to return to Spain."

### Weekly Chit-Chat.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph states, that among the most interesting things in the exhibition lately got up for the benefit of the Manchester Athenaeum, was a copy of the "Solemn League and Covenant," for which four hundred guineas had been refused by its owner. This is a subject on which mistakes are constantly and universally made, and we have no doubt that one is made in the present instance. People see an old parchment relating to a covenant, and containing a range of signatures, and call it the Solemn League and Covenant, when it is no such thing—also believing it to be unique, or nearly so, which is still farther from the truth. All this is owing to the infinite ignorance of all but a few rarely scattered persons with respect to even the most remarkable events of our national history. The fact is, that parchments of this kind are numerous, and necessarily so—there are some half dozen in the Advocates' Library alone. They are copies, not of the Solemn League and Covenant (which is the favourite name for them), but of the National Covenant, a document all but totally different. This national covenant was a bond subscribed in the year 1638 by about nineteen-twentieths of the people of Scotland, binding themselves to resist by all available means the attempts of Charles I. to establish episcopacy amongst them. This document is frequently met with, simply because copies of it were sent from the central insurrectionary body in Edinburgh to all the counties and burghs, that they might be signed by the inhabitants, these copies bearing in all instances the signatures of the leading covenanting nobles, such as the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Montrose, the Earl of Loudon, &c., for the obvious purpose of encouraging a general signing by the people. When we consider that some hundred or two of such parchments were prepared, we cannot wonder that a considerable number still exist. But the Solemn League and Covenant is quite another matter. It was in fact a treaty formed, five years after the above event, between the English parliament and the Scottish estates, for the purpose of uniting the force of the two countries against King Charles, who had recently appeared to be getting the upper hand in the civil war, and whose possible re-ascendency the Scotch dreaded as much as the English, though he had settled every one of their alleged grievances. It incorporated the national covenant, the signing of which by a large party in England, was very gratifying on the north side of the Tweed, as it promised, though illusively, to extend the presbyterian system over the empire. The immediate consequence of this league was the marching of a Scottish army into England, by virtue of which accession of force the parliamentary forces overthrew the king's troops at Long Marston Moor—a blow from which he never recovered. Such is a brief account of these two documents, connected, it will be seen, but still distinct, and so much so that the application of the phrase "solemn league," to the first of the two, is a complete misnomer, and a ridiculous blunder. The probability is, that the parchment exhibited at Manchester is a local copy of the national covenant of 1638, and worth something considerably less than four hundred guineas.

We observe in the works of Madame Necker what must be considered a good hint to housewives. "Domestic order, like theatrical machinery, produces the greatest pleasure when the strings are concealed."

Upon some estates in Galway, a sort of feudal system is kept up, of which the people loudly complain, although for their own sake they submit to it. It is a very common condition annexed to the tenure of small farms, that the tenant shall leave his own business at any time he may be called upon to plough, cart, cut turf, reap, mow, or dig, for the landlord; and the hire which he receives for these services is considerably below the ordinary rate of wages. Thus, a shilling is the payment allowed by such contracts for a horse with a man to lead it; and they must both "find themselves;" that is to say, the horse must be fed, and the man too, and their labour repaid, out of that one splendid shilling. Refusal or neglect to comply with such requisitions is punished by a heavy fine, which is rigidly exacted. The labour of a man without a horse is supposed to be sufficiently requited with *siropice*; and I saw a number of men saving the harvest of a noble lord, who were to receive that mighty sum, without the addition (as they expressed it) of "bite or sup."—*Tail's Magazine*.

The practice here condemned looks ill; but we should require to know the whole conditions on which the farms are let before giving it a sweeping condemnation. In many places in Scotland it is not unusual for farmers to give cottages and small patches of ground rent-free to labouring men, on condition of receiving in return a certain number of days' service during harvest. So far from this practice being thought cruel, it is considered to be liberal and humane; for it saves a poor man from laying out actual cash in the name of rent, and gives employers an inducement to retain a cluster of settled peasantry on their properties. May not the above de-

nounced feudal practice, as it is called, be something of this nature?

One of those stock topics which come up regularly once every half dozen years, has again made its appearance in the newspapers—the proposal of cutting a canal across the isthmus of Panama. There are so many stories afloat as to how this great work is to be set about and accomplished, that we feel doubtful if any of the plans will come to any good. The subject, it appears, has been taken up in France, and we should be very glad if that country would set to the work in earnest and bring it to a successful issue. But we doubt if the French possess spare capital for such an undertaking, and national jealousy might likewise interpose to prevent them from engaging in it. On various accounts, therefore, we think that the work should be performed under the sanction and at the expense of the leading European powers, or at least of France and England united. Considering the vast trade which is likely soon to be opened with Austral-Asiatic countries, China included, and which a passage for ships across Panama would facilitate, we know of no undertaking which would so materially benefit commerce, foreign and colonial.

A member of parliament who takes a warm interest in the social advancement of the humbler classes, has obligingly handed us a printed circular, purporting to be a report made to the directors of the Gas Light and Coke Company, Westminster, by the deputy-superintendent of the works in the Horseferry Road, on the beneficial effect of paying the wages of the firemen *daily*. It is dated September 3, and the following are the principal passages:—"The system of paying the stokers *daily* has been in operation exceeding four months, and it affords me very great satisfaction in stating that a complete change has been effected in the habits and health of the men. The stokers of the night-gang used to be paid their weekly wages on Saturday morning, on leaving their work; having been on duty all night, it was natural that they should require rest; but instead of going home to bed, and preparing themselves for the labour and fatigue of the following night, their uniform practice was to resort to the public house, and there dissipate a considerable portion of their earnings, and many were constantly to be seen reeling home in the middle of the day in a state of intoxication. The consequences of these gross irregularities were seriously felt in the loss of labour to the company, by the men being rendered utterly unfit for the performance of their duty; the heats of the retorts being lowered, and the work generally neglected. It not unfrequently happened on a Saturday night that five or six of the men have been absent through the effects of drunkenness, whilst others have been absent from alleged illness, produced from the same cause. In all these instances the company have suffered severely, as men unacquainted with the duties have been substituted. The same evil occurred every week with the day-gang. To this general system of dissipation may be attributed the serious increase upon the sick fund, up to the time when the alteration in the mode of paying the wages was suggested, and which increase was one of the causes of inducing the alteration. Independently of the losses the company have sustained, the moral and physical condition of the men was in the most lamentable state of degradation. The bulk of their wages having been spent in drink in the course of a few hours, and the remainder early in the week, they were left destitute of the means of procuring proper food to sustain them; hence, independently of sickness, they were driven to the lowest shops to procure on credit whatever food they could so obtain; the same being of very inferior quality, and charged at the rate of thirty per cent. above the price at which the best commodities could be obtained at the first-rate shops. Another description of misery these men brought on themselves, by incurring debts at the low shops alluded to. If the proprietor is satisfied that the man applying for credit is in the service of the company, he hesitates not to trust him; and I have frequently found in the letter-box of the office, a *dozen summonses*, which have greatly contributed to their misery. It is now most gratifying to perceive, that in the habits of the men an extraordinary improvement has taken place. The evil complained of in regard to the Saturday night gang is completely removed: the men come to their work cheerfully, and without the slightest appearance of intoxication; the work is as well done on a Saturday and Sunday night as any other; in short, the men are all regular in their attendance, and there are no excuses. From this source alone I anticipate a considerable saving to the sick fund, which will be free from the abuse sustained under the old system. Although there were some of the men who at first objected to the plan of being paid daily, it must be observed the objectors were of the lowest order of men; incapable of forming any opinion of what was most beneficial to their own interest, looking forward only to the largest quantity of drink they could procure with the means at their command. These men are, however, now contented with the present arrangement, while the majority have expressed themselves satisfied that the plan is calculated to improve their health and comfort. Having their money daily, enables them to take advantage of the cheapest and best markets, and has effectually put a stop to the credit-system of the publicans and small shopkeepers."

What a lamentable picture does this letter present of the demoralised condition of at least one class of labourers in the metropolis! Forgetful or careless of all social obligations, they habitually yield to the meanest temptations, and, like children, cannot be trusted with anything beyond the smallest sums at a time. Let us hope that the means kindly adopted to preserve them from intemperance, will ultimately lead to higher conceptions of their individual responsibilities.

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